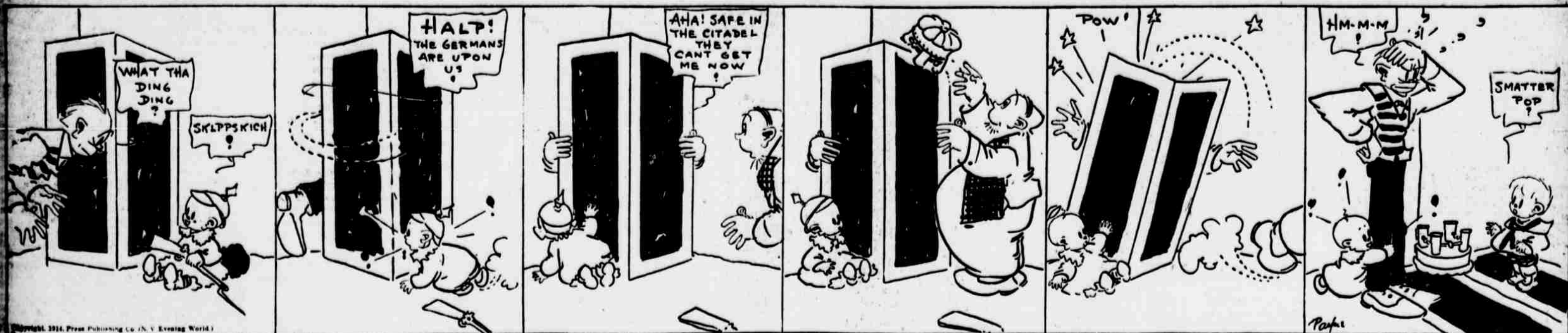


By C. M. Payne

"SMATTER POP!"



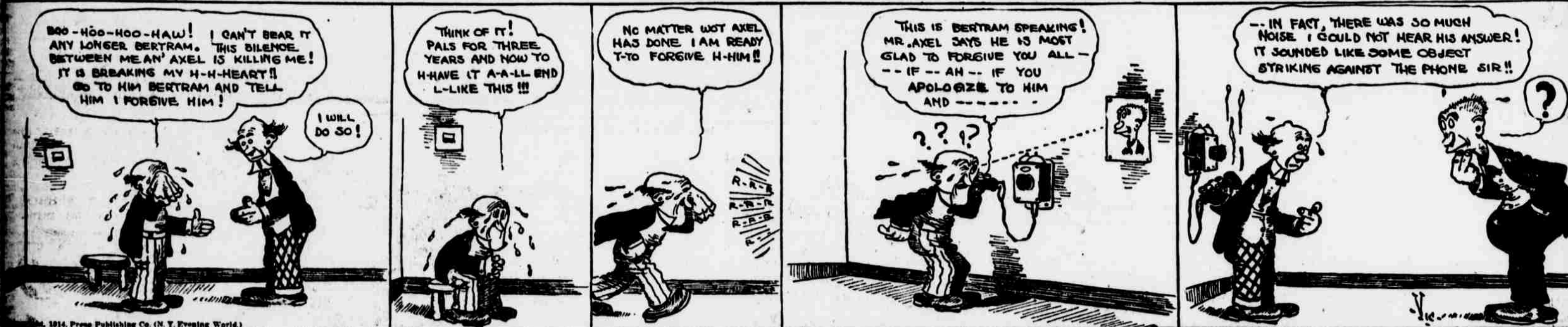
THE MARRYING OF MARY—The Conversation Was "Switched" to Another Topic!

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY AND AXEL—And Bertram Ought to Know; He Had His Ear at the Receiver!

By Vic



Shallow-Pated Men and Girls Who Paint  
Are on Same Plane, Says Young Philosopher

He Doesn't Even Go With Girls, but When He Does Find One, There'll Be Wedding Bells for Her—Only Cheap Sports Admire the Over-Dressed Girl, Says Another.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"There is nearly as much bad taste shown among young men as among young women."

A young man who naively admits that he is not yet illustrious, although he has hopes, proves that he possesses at least one element of genius by making the statement quoted above. He is original. For it's the rare man who will temper his criticisms of feminine folly with comments on masculine silliness. This is what "A Youthful Philosopher" has to say about the young man of bad taste—the only sort, in his opinion, who admires "the painted doll."

"Some of the 'cheap sport' class, which is so conspicuous to-day, would make a hyena screech in derision at the lamentable spectacle they present. A number of youths of the present day regard themselves as doing a thing which adds much to their manly appearance when they smoke numerous cigarettes, wear flashy and showy clothes and make themselves generally noticeable. Hanging would be a far better fate to wish a really nice girl than a existence as wife of a certain variety of present day young man."

"A Youthful Philosopher" has sufficient mental detachment to admit that all fools don't wear skirts, but that the young women readers of The Evening World should be ready to accord a hearing to the really diverting opinion of their sex. So let us all listen for a few paragraphs.

"I am a constant reader of your paper and have read with great interest the more or less absurd letters which you in regard to the so-



called 'painted girl' and the other type.

"First let me introduce myself by saying that I am not yet married (having but reached the tender age of eighteen), and probably never will be unless the crop of young ladies, which at present appears to populate the world, improves considerably.

"All girls and young women are the same at heart, regardless of whether they are painted by the pound or made up by the ton. The great majority of girls and members of my own sex are well meaning and good at heart without doubt.

HERE'S THE KIND OF GIRL WHO'LL MAKE BEST WIFE.

"It is not a crime for a girl to paint herself somewhat, only a sign of woful bad taste, and if a man really cared for a young lady of his acquaintance enough to marry her, paint would make but little difference. But as soon after the ceremony as possible he should advise her to discontinue. To tell her before would be very poor policy, as I have no doubt you will agree.

"I come to the conclusion that the girl with a happy but effeminate disposition who does not make up, or at least who makes up very little, and who wears clothes of a modish and fashionable but not suggestive style, is the most popular with the right kind of young man and will make the best wife.

"The girl who slicks her hair back and purposely makes herself look like an 1850 daguerreotype is very foolish, for in my opinion a girl should make herself as attractive as possible. After all, is it not a large share of a woman's part in life to be ornamental? I believe a married woman cannot long hold her husband's love unless she has his respect and a certain amount of admiration. It is the duty of both men and women to make themselves as attractive as possible.

WHEN HE SEES THE ONE GIRL, HE'S GOING AFTER HER.

"Personally, I have never gone with any girl and probably never shall unless she is the one I wish to marry. When I see that one I shall go after her and get her if I can, and I think I can. From my standpoint, however, the 'silly love' and juvenile



flirting which are so common, are both undignified and distressing. I am not a prude. I enjoy a good time, but sometimes it is not amiss to be serious."

"A Youthful Philosopher" evidently agrees with "Miss F. V. W." whose letter was published the other day, that neither "Miss Prim" nor "Miss Painted Lady," but a happy medium is truly "Miss Popular." And that is my own opinion.

I should like to say here, that while I am very glad to receive letters from young men and women on this provocative topic, the modern girl, I nevertheless cannot furnish the name and address of any correspondent to any other, or forward letters addressed to correspondents. That would not be fair.

SHE USES POWDER AND WANTS TO GET MARRIED.

Dear Madam: I have just finished my high school life, during which I have learned much, and lost many an illusion. It is to be regretted, but it is true that the majority of girls to-day like to appear "fast" and to that end use clumsily the rouge pot and powder puff. They are the worst sufferers from "sex-hysteria," which has spread over the country, a regular epidemic. I am fond of pretty and—yes, it is possible—fashionable clothes, but do not care to dress conspicuously. It happens that my mother always taught me to dress modestly. The girls with whom I associate are always well dressed and are "naturally pretty." So there is some hope that the others may return to their senses and perceive that the former girls are the ones taken and treated seriously by men. It is to pass chaff and the light word that any man spends time with the artificial miss. I have heard many a boy confess that: I am not a homely girl, disgruntled because of lack of attention. Nor has my face a bourgeois shine, for I use talcum so it doesn't show. But I want to be taken seriously, to have a man credit me with an amount of brains. For—braven, unnatural creature that I am—I want to marry, and it is extremely likely that I shall be "burdened" with a nursery. "TEENS."

THINKS SIMPLE GIRL WOULD BE A WALL FLOWER.

Dear Madam: I have been reading your articles with great interest. I think that "Miss A. T." was right. If a girl dressed in short skirts with her hair down and went to dances or similar places of amusement she would be shunned by all the men present, would be thought a "kid" and would not be able to hold her own at all. The men would all turn to the more sophisticated looking girls—of course, the poor little wall flower was pitted. Men readers, am I right? C. J. S.

WOMEN SCORED BY WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE.

Dear Madam: I am a woman sixty-five years old, and for the past forty years have conducted a boarding and lodging house, where I have accommodated from thirty to forty at one time. I formerly boarded men and women, men, maids, married couples, widows and widowers. I was forced to discontinue keeping women because of the complications. I had either to close my eyes to the immorality and immorality of women or close my house to them. Once I had a dear, quiet Quakerish little woman with me, a little New England Puritan, a cultured, educated daughter of a good Massachusetts family. She cut no ice, for at the same time I had a girl who knew men, and not much else. She painted her face, pencilled her eyes, darkened her eyebrows, and every young man in the house paid her much attention. She attracted men with her boldness and daring disregard of conventionalities. As far as I've seen in forty years' observation, the more worthless the woman, the more attention she receives, and the reason there are so many divorces is because there is no foundation under the homes such rattle-pates set up. The sensible, far-seeing men and women are in the very great minority, and they are so quiet they attract little attention to themselves. When they marry they have sufficient capital of money, judgment, affection, and purpose to make a success of their venture. The general run of a woman, men, too, have brains so filled with cheap rubbish that there is no room for decent, sensible, wholesome and while thoughts. You know, nothing can be more than full without running over. If you wish to see the true hardness of human kind, go to a boarding house, watch and listen. NEMES.